

POLICE

COMICS 10¢

JULY No. 32

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Rsh



PLASTIC MAN
takes a VACATION
in old Mexico,
and a
FIESTA
turns into a
FRACAS!



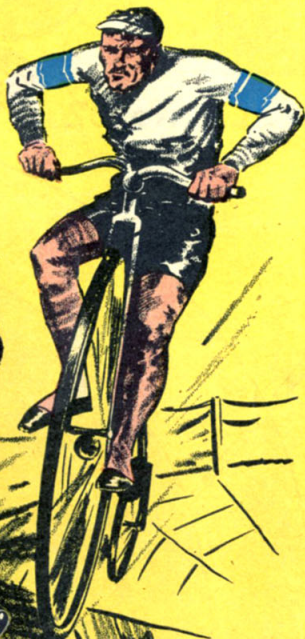
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BIKE-LOGY

PONY EXPRESS vs. HIGH WHEEL BIKE -
 "BRONCO CHARLIE" MILLER, LAST OF THE PONY EXPRESS RIDERS, RACED A HIGH WHEEL CYCLIST 60 YEARS AGO IN LONDON FOR 6 DAYS. HORSE AND RIDER ARE SAID TO HAVE WON, ALTHOUGH IT PROBABLY IS SAFE TO SAY THE LEG-POWER OF ANY OF OUR MODERN 6-DAY CHAMPS WOULD CONQUER THE BEST IN MODERN HORSEPOWER



NEARLY THREE TIMES AROUND THE EARTH ON A BIKE -
 OSSIE NICHOLSON OF AUSTRALIA A FEW YEARS AGO SET A LONG-DISTANCE RECORD WHEN HE RODE 62,657 MILES IN A SINGLE YEAR, A TOTAL DISTANCE OF ALMOST THREE TIMES AROUND THE WORLD



"BICYCLE LAND" -

BEFORE THE WAR, DENMARK WAS PROBABLY MORE BICYCLE-MINDED THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH. DENMARK BOASTED A BICYCLE POPULATION OF ONE BICYCLE FOR EVERY TWO PERSONS, INCLUDING INFANTS AND OLD FOLKS.

THE MORROW* COASTER BRAKE
 OVER THE YEARS, HAS KEPT PACE WITH EVERY CHANGE IN BICYCLING. ITS FAMOUS EXTRA-LARGE HUB PERMITS ALL INTERNAL PARTS TO BE HUSKY AND STRONG - A FACT OF IMPORTANCE ESPECIALLY TO OUR ARMED FORCES TODAY, WITH WHOM THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE IS SERVING AS A VITAL MEMBER OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW"

THE INVISIBLE CREW
 Precision Equipment
Bendix
 Aviation Corporation
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

* TRADE MARK OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

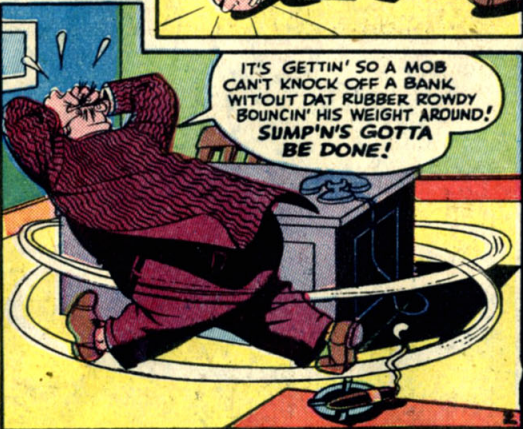
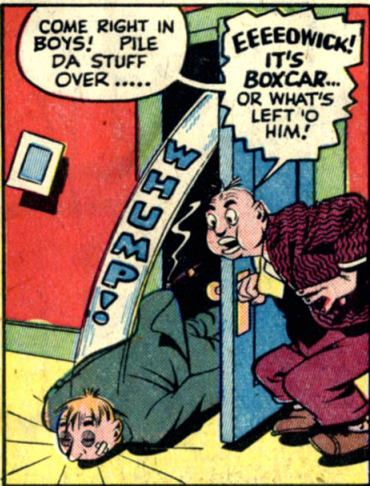
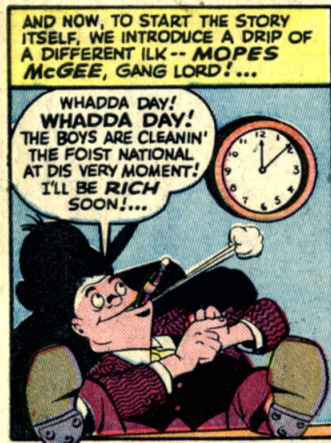
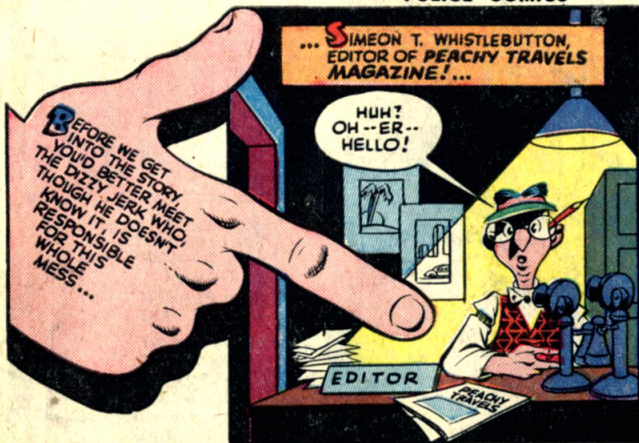
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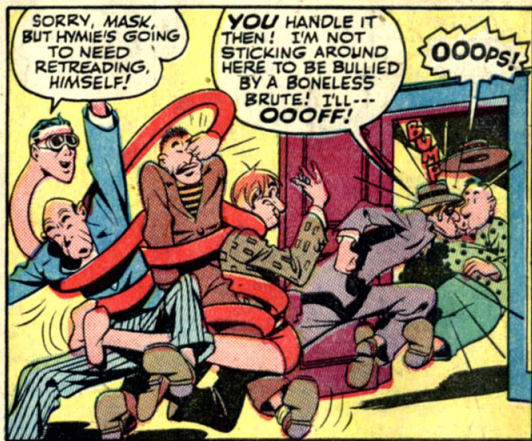
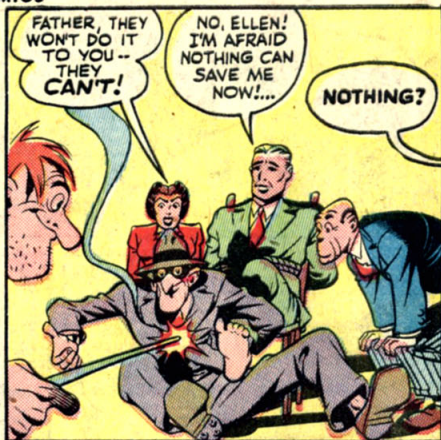
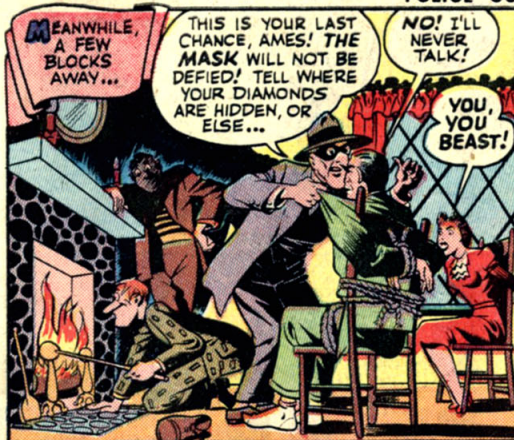
PLASTIC MAN

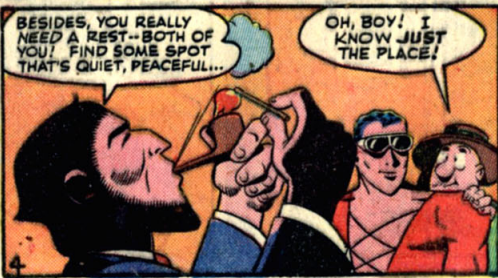
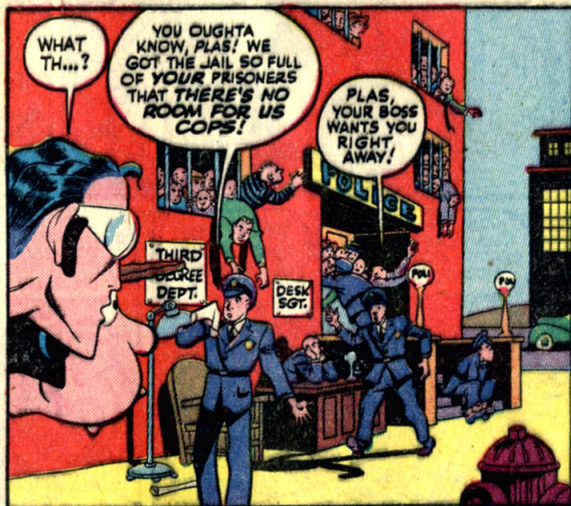
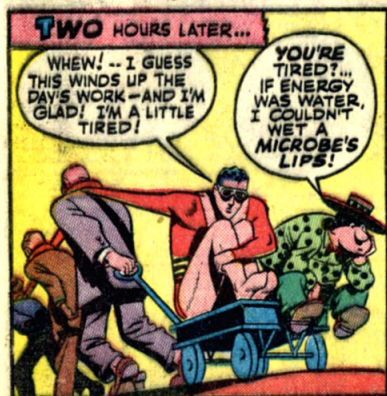
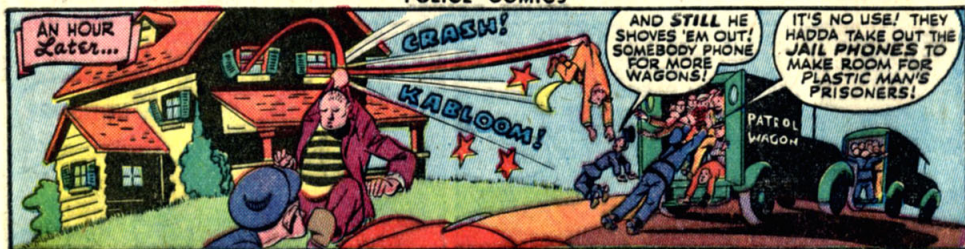
THE MEXICAN VILLAGE OF LA CUCARACHA SEEMED PEACEFUL UNTIL FIESTA DAY! THEN PLASTIC MAN HAD HIS HANDS FULL ... AND WHAT HAPPENED TO **WOOLY** SHOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED TO A DOG!



By JACK COLE

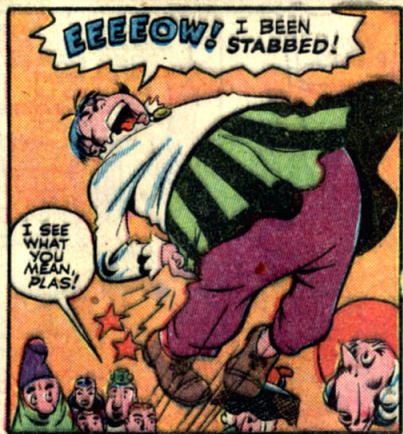
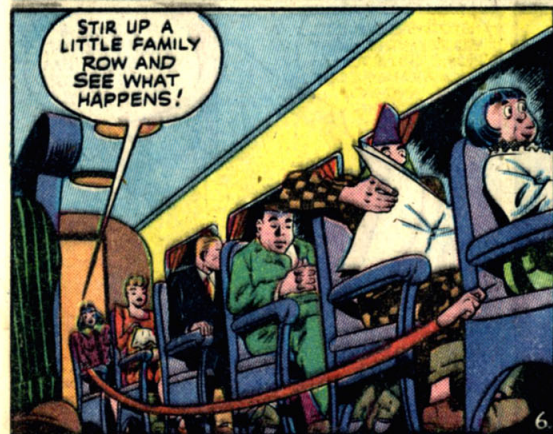
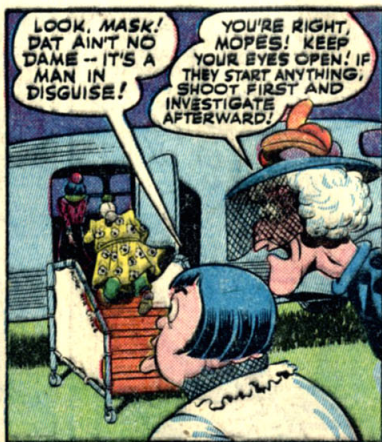
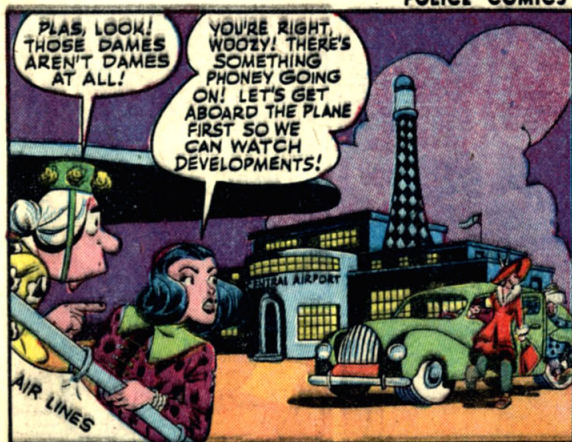




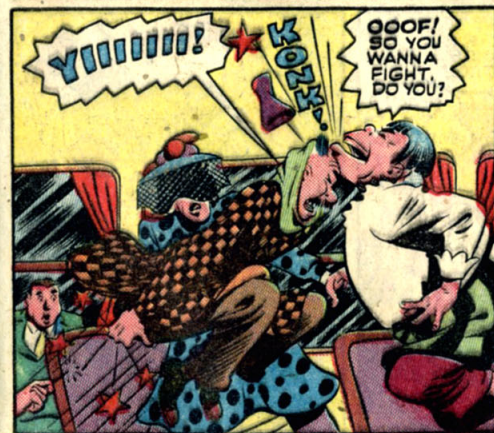
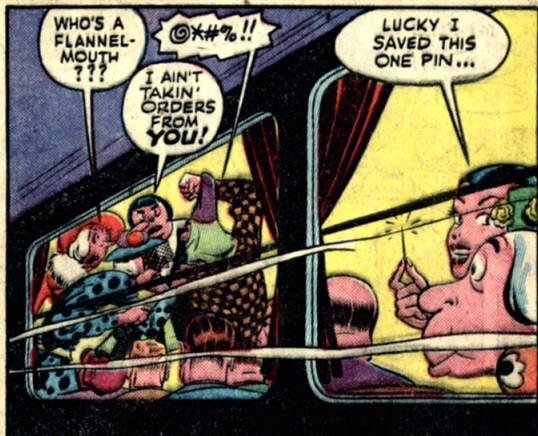
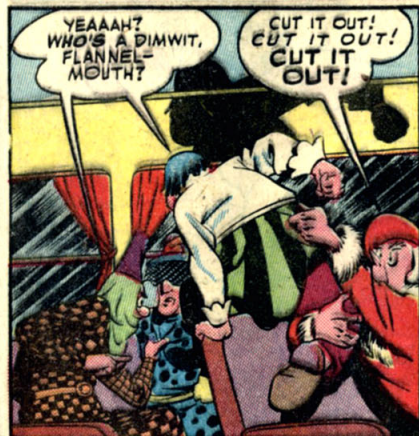


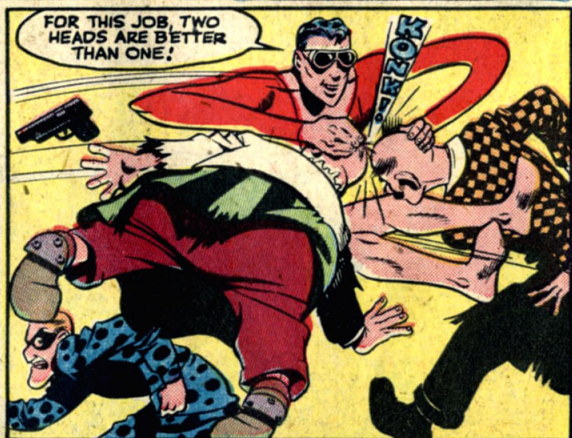
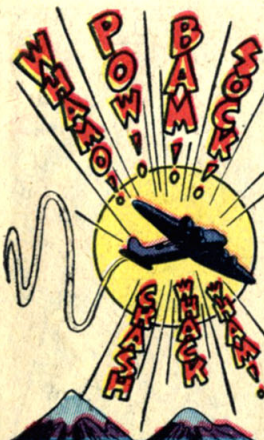
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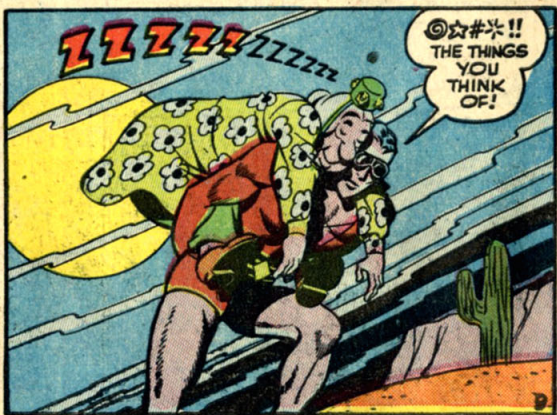
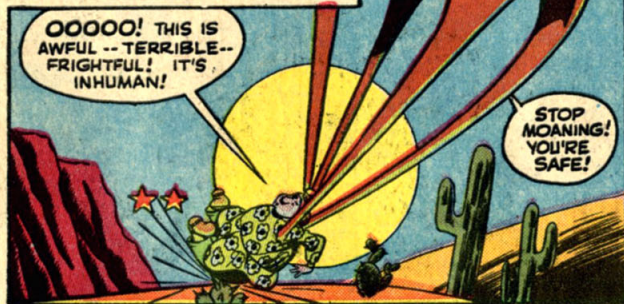
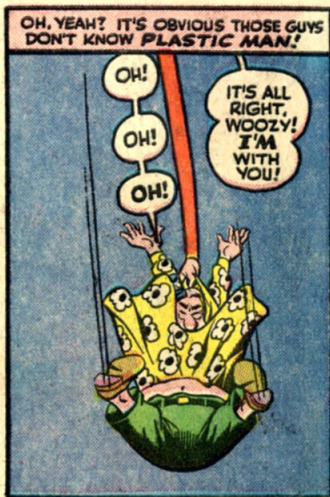
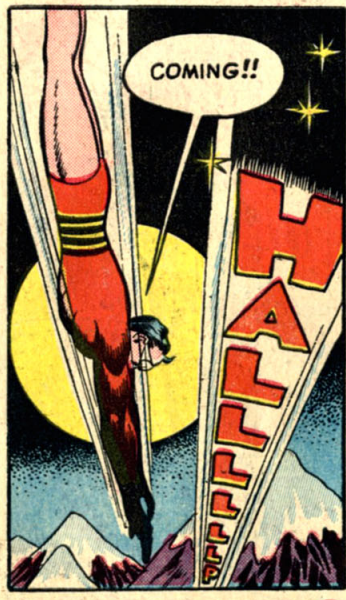


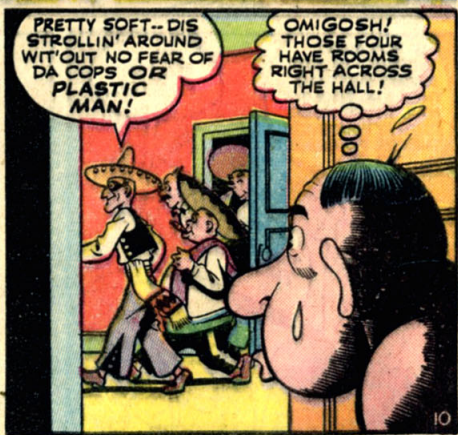
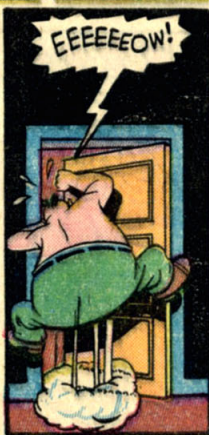
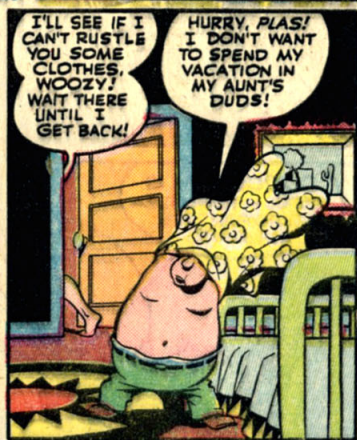


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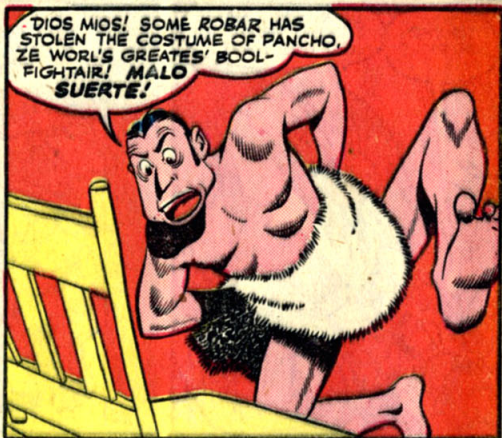
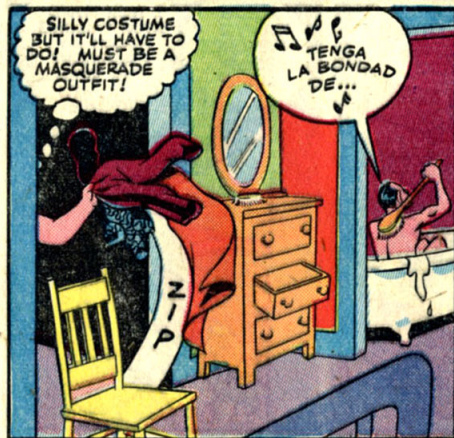


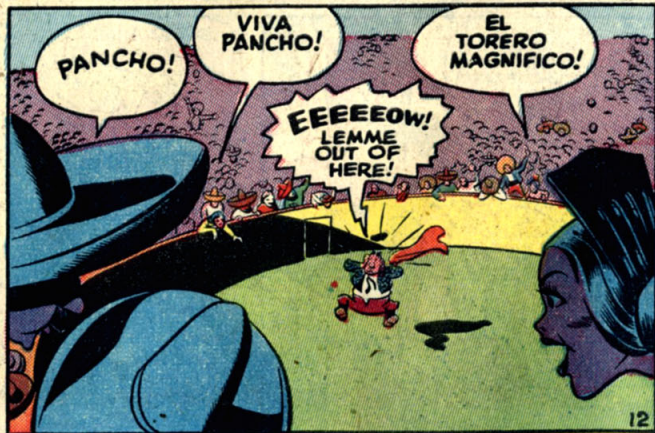


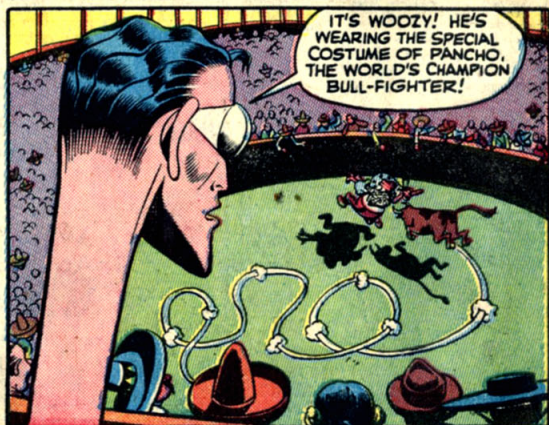
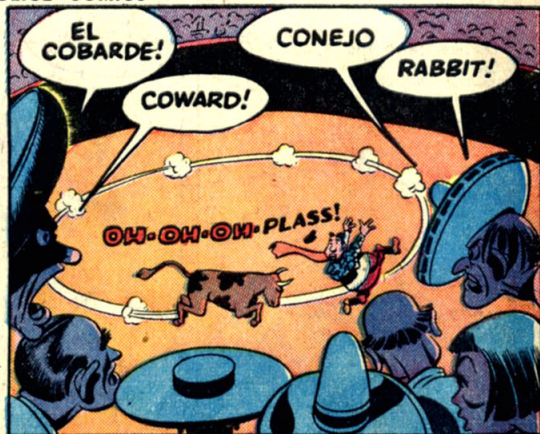


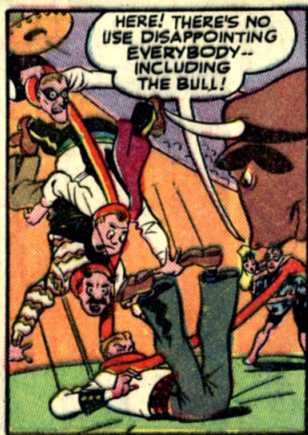
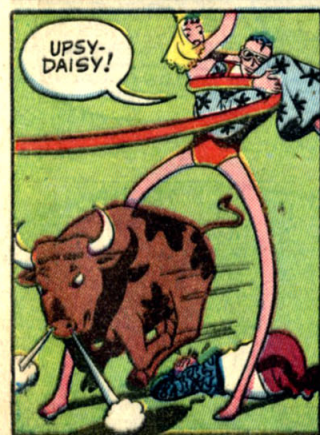
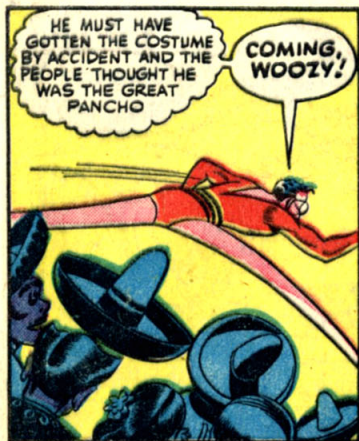


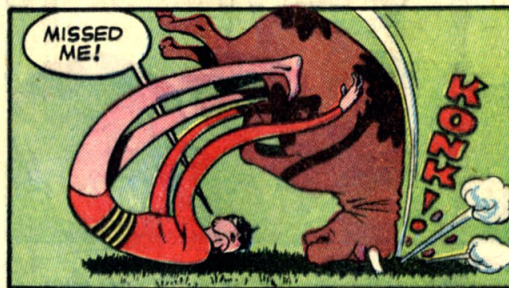
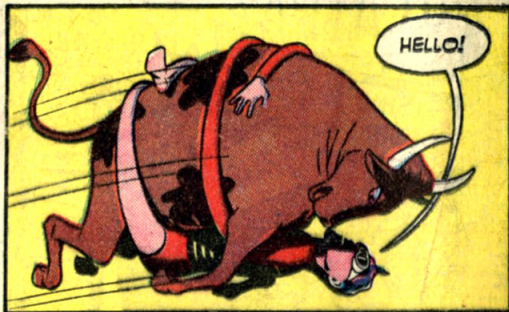
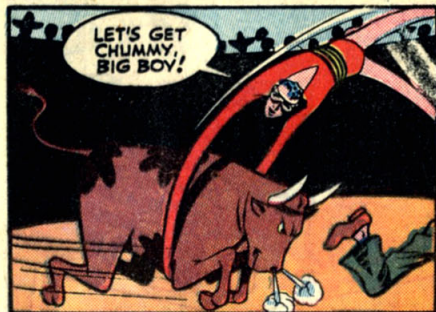
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Flatfoot BURNS

by M. STEIN

ALCATRAZ

SING
SING

JULIET

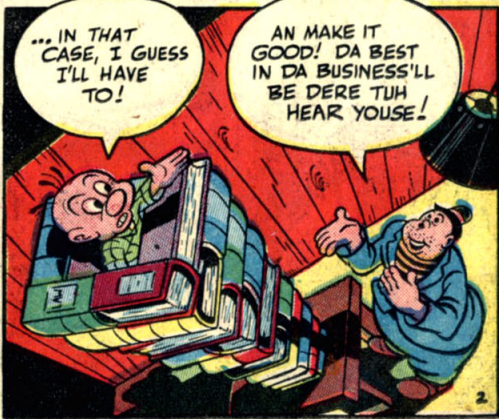
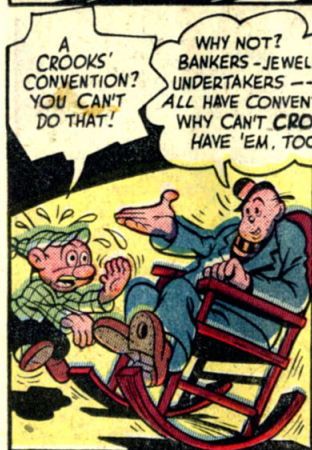
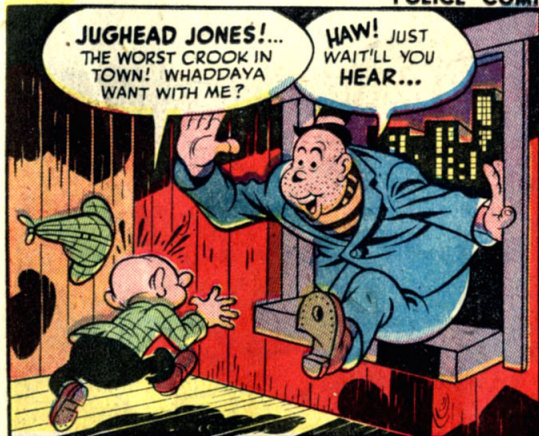
QUIET!... QUIET!!
DIS CROOKS' CONVENTION
WILL NOW COME TO
ORDER!!

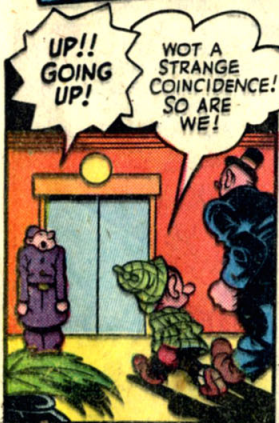
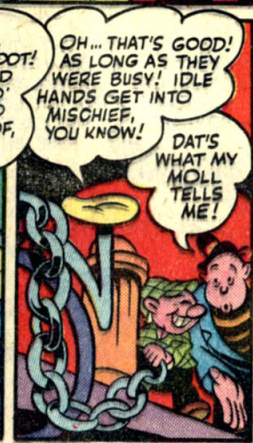
FLATFOOT BURNS,
Master Detective,
HAS A SECRET HIDEOUT
TO WHICH HE MOVES
WITH STEALTHY CAUTION!

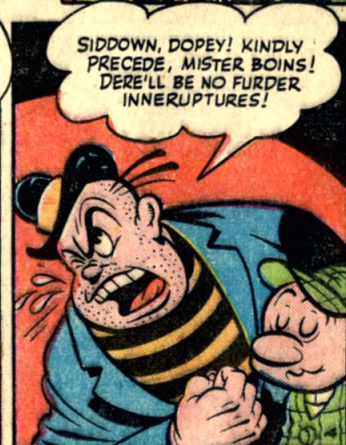
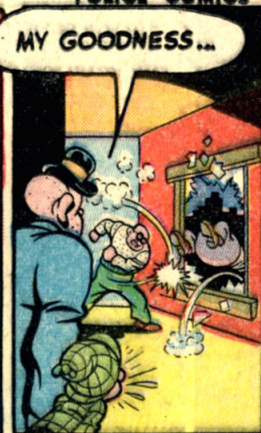
AH-H-H! NOT A
SOUL IN SIGHT!
MY SECRET HIDEAWAY
IS STILL A
SECRET!

HI, FLATFOOT!... MIND
IF I COME IN? ... I
GOT A PROPOSITION
FER YOUSE!









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AHEM! ... LADIES AN' GENT--- NO... NO! I MEAN, FELLOW CROOKS... NO! I --ER-- THAT IS ...



" IF YOU DO NOT PAY YOUR BILL WITHIN FIVE DAYS, OUR ATTORNEYS ARE INSTRUCTED TO ENTER SUIT FOR ... NO, NO, NO!



THAT'S NOT MY SPEECH! IT WAS A PAPER ABOUT THAT SILE, BUT OH, MY GOODNESS...



≡ GULP ≡ I LEFT MY SPEECH AT HOME IN THE REFRIGERATOR AND PUT MY SANDWICH IN MY POCKET INSTEAD...

DAT'S OKAY, PAL! JEST GIVE US DA ROUGH IDEA WIT' DA FANCY WOIDS LEFT OUT!



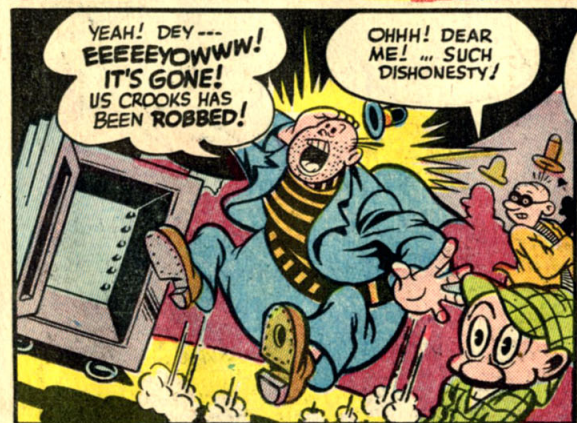
BUT THAT'S IT! ... I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT MY SPEECH WAS ABOUT!

AW, SHUCKS! WELL, I'LL GET OUT DA DOUGH WE COLLECTED FROM EVERYBODY, AN' SEND OUT FER ICE CREAM!



DON'T LET DA WOID GET OUT, BOINS-- BUT WE ALL KICKED IN TWO BITS APIECE, SO WE COULD HAVE AN ICE CREAM ORGY!

DON'T LET THE NEWSPAPERS HEAR OF IT! THEY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!



YEAH! DEY --- EEEEEEYOWWW! IT'S GONE! US CROOKS HAS BEEN ROBBED!

OH HH! DEAR ME! ... SUCH DISHONESTY!



HEY! ... YOU'RE A DETECTIVE! NOW'S YER CHANCE, BOINS! FIND OUR DOUGH FER US!

WHO'S A DETECTIVE? ... WHY, I AM! YOU'RE PERFECTLY RIGHT! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I AM --- I THINK!



AH, YES! ... WHAT AM I LOOKING FOR? LET'S SEE ... OH, I KNOW! ... A CLUE!!



IS THERE A CLUE IN THE HOUSE?



THEN I SHALL HAVE TO RESORT TO TYPICAL FLATFOOT BURNS CLEVERNESS! KINDLY LINE UP AND FILE PAST ME, ONE AT A TIME!

HUH? WHAT'S DA BIG IDEA??...



THE MONEY IS IN TWO-BIT PIECES! WHEN THE THIEF GOES BY, THIS MAGNET WILL BETRAY HIS HORDE!

CHEE-E! YUH MEAN IF HE'S GOT OUR DOUGH IN HIS PANTS, IT'LL SNATCH HIS PANTS! IMAGINE DAT!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! EVERYBODY PASSED, AND NOTHING HAPPENED!

SUMP'N BETTER HAPPEN! OR YOUSE IS GONNA LOSE YER REPPITATION, PALLY!



FEAR NOT! FLATFOOT BURNS HAS AN INEXHAUSTIBLE FUND OF TRICKS TO OUTWIT LAWBREAKERS!



I SHALL ... EEEEEOWW! IT CAUGHT ME!

YOU! YOU STOLE OUR DOUGH!



SO I DID! ... I REMEMBER NOW! IT WAS MY SPEECH! I MEAN TO DEMONSTRATE MY DETECTIVE ABILITY BY GETTING IT BACK! I---

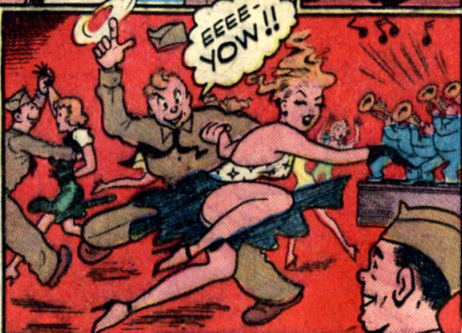
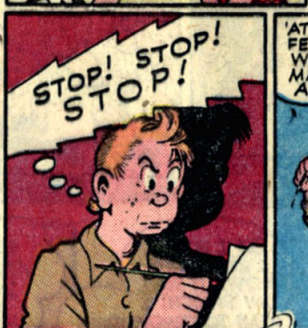
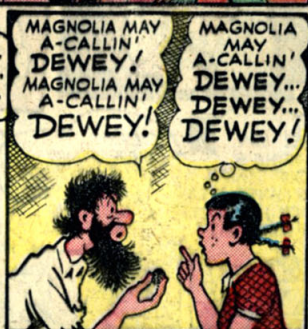
SO-O-O!



BUT, BOYS! -- YOU ASKED FOR A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION OF CRIME DETECTION!

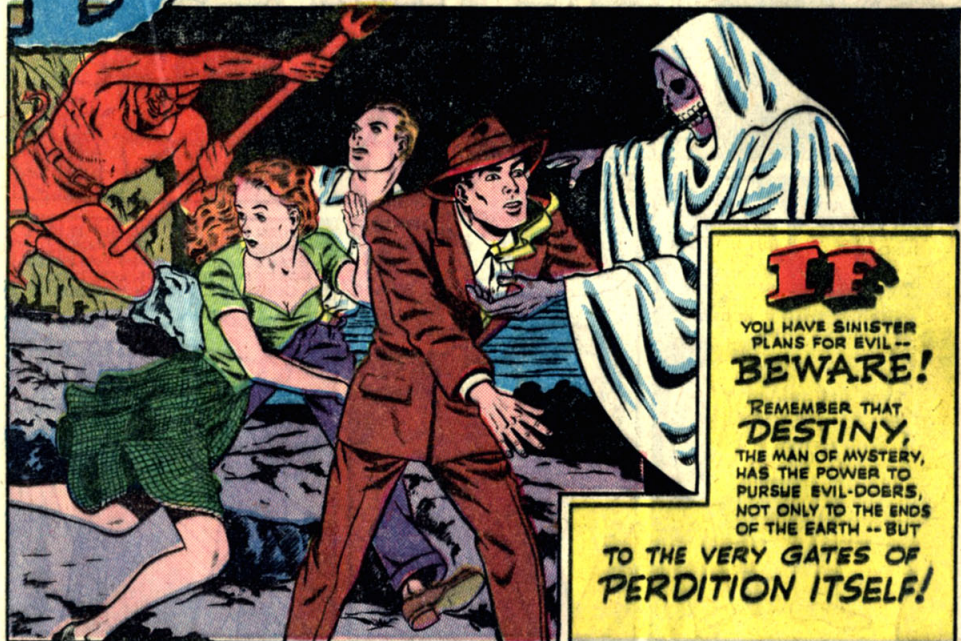
FOR ANOTHER LAUGH RIOT, READ FLATFOOT BURNS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF POLICE COMICS!

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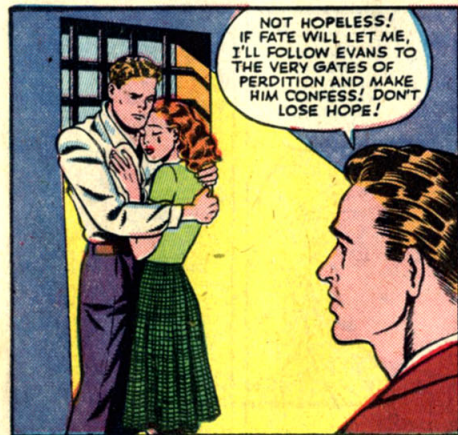


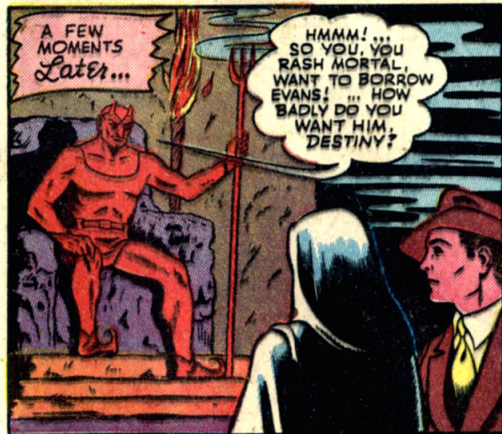
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DESTINY



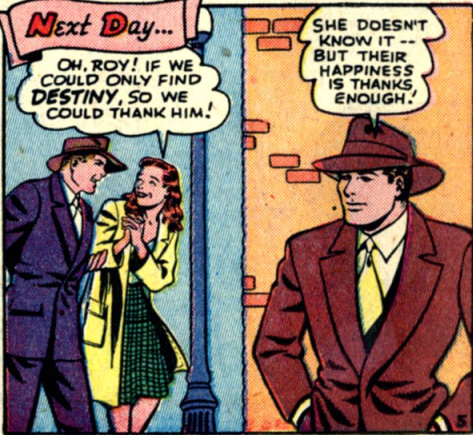
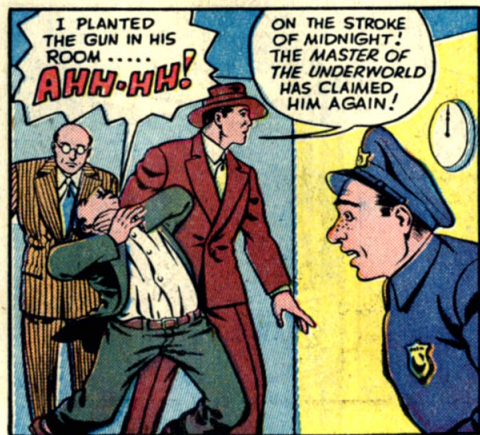
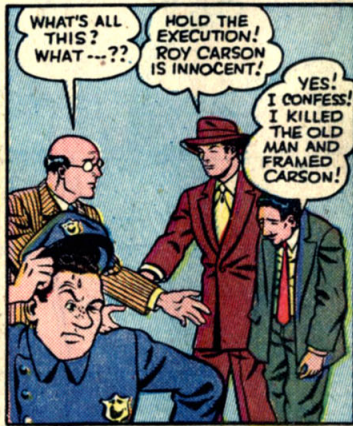
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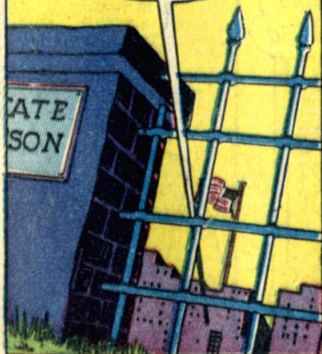
THE

ONLY COMMISSIONER DOLAN KNOWS THAT THE SPIRIT IS REALLY DENNY COLT, LONG BELIEVED DEAD...BY WAGING A TERRIBLE AND RELENTLESS WAR ON CRIME AND EVIL, THE SPIRIT HAS BECOME THE NEMESIS OF THE UNDERWORLD.



BY WIT CISNER

THOMAS HAWKINS
YOU'RE A FREE
MAN!



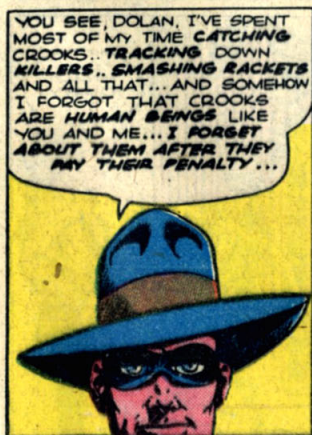
S'LONG, BOYS...
HOPE I DON'T
SEE YOU AGAIN!!



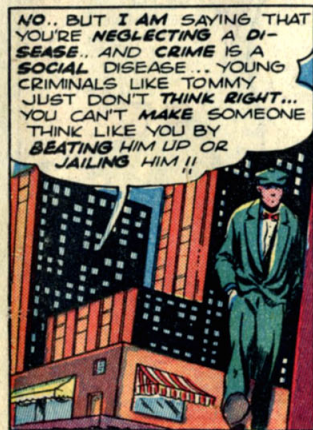
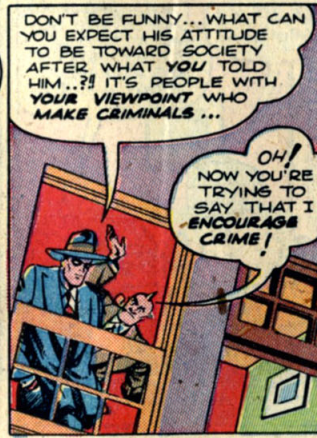
HE'LL BE BACK
THEY ALL COME BACK
ONCE A KILLER
ALWAYS A KILLER!!



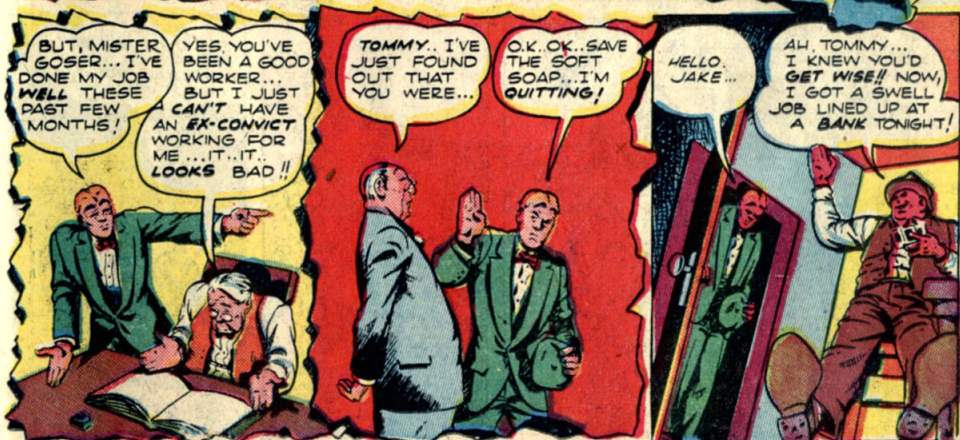
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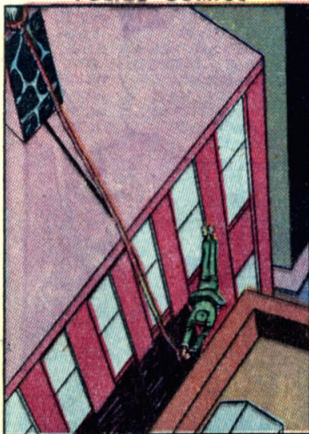


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THAT NIGHT ... A FIGURE
SPRINTS ACROSS A ROOF
ADJOINING THE BANK ...



SUDDENLY, A VOICE FROM THE
SHADOWS BREAKS THE
STILLNESS ...

DON'T TOUCH THAT
DIAL, TOMMY!

WHO ...
??



OH, IT'S YOU ... THE
SPIRIT ... HOW DID
YOU KNOW ...
??

I'VE BEEN
KEEPING
TABS ON
YOU FOR
WEEKS ... DON'T
START DOWN THE
CRIME ROAD AGAIN!



AW NUTS ... KEEP
BACK OR I'LL
LET YA HAVE
IT!!

NOW BE
REASONABLE,
TOMMY!



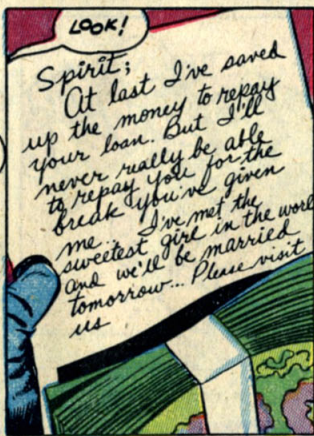
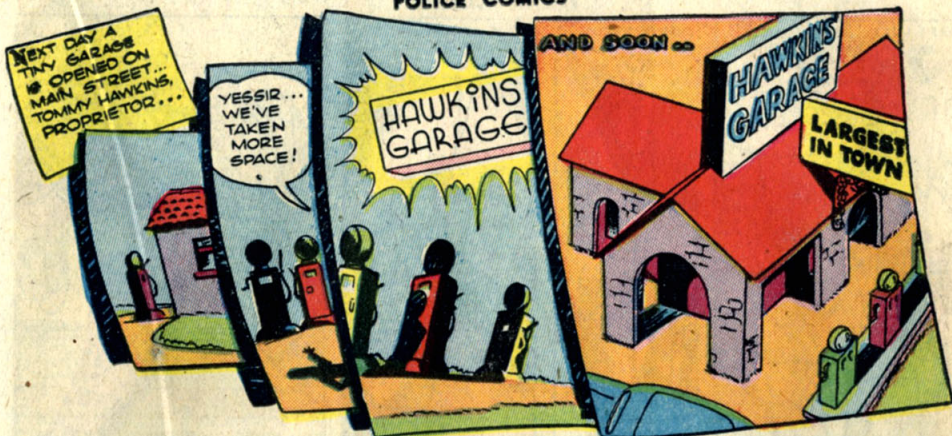
BOLDLY, THE SPIRIT STEPS
FORWARD ...



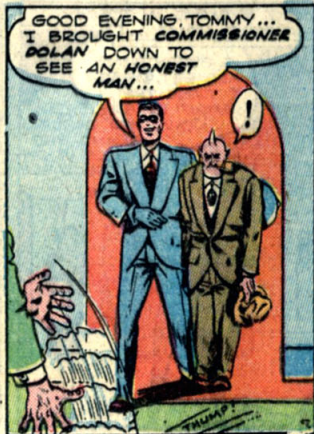
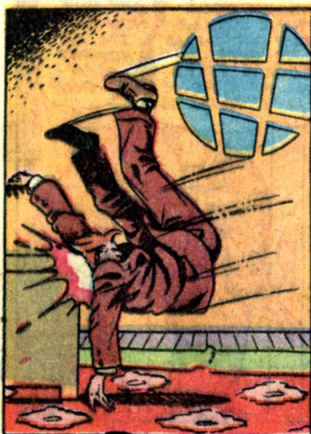
I'M GOING TO
MAKE AN HONEST
CITIZEN OF YOU ..
WHETHER YOU
LIKE IT OR NOT!



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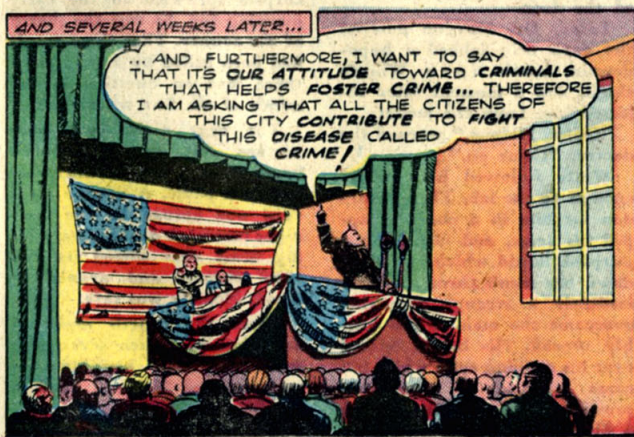


POLICE COMICS





LATER



THE WOLF MAN

BLACKMOOR HOUSE squatted on the high, windswept ridge like an ugly tumor. It was painted a dun yellow color which blended with the yellowish clay of the surrounding hills.

Dr. Weare Murdon owned Blackmoor House. He was a psychiatrist who had turned specialist on mental diseases. His house was a series of heavily-barred windows, behind which were rooms holding lunatics. For a large fee, Dr. Murdon would accept a "case". He had many prominent persons on his register—persons unwanted by relatives who profited by their "removal". Nobody ever left Blackmoor House alive.

Dr. Weare Murdon was a big, bearded man with gleaming eyes and a heavy voice. His attendants were all strapping fellows, trained to do their master's bidding without argument. He paid them well.

Dr. Murdon wasn't well known in the village of Heath Cove. Rather, he was feared by the residents. They shunned him, thought him a "queer 'un." Dr. Murdon was satisfied with this situation; he didn't like snoopers. He didn't encourage visitors, and had few of them. Blackmoor House repelled everyone.

Just what went on there occupied the thoughts of a goodly number of persons. Not that anyone thought the doctor was "doing anything shady;" they just wondered.

It was not known the number of patients that the strange doctor had. The estate had no cemetery, and it was assumed that the relatives of the deceased took their dead away for burial.

On the evening that our story opens, Dr. Murdon sat in his quiet study going over many

pages of scientific data. The study connected with a large, windowless laboratory where the doctor made his "experiments."

The phone buzzed softly and Murdon lifted the receiver. "Yes?"

A harsh voice blasted into the doctor's ear: "He's here, I tell you! He's escaped. You gotta come an' get him. He's—he—you know he's dangerous, doctor!"

"I see," answered the doctor with a wry smile. "I can't understand how he escaped. I'll send men to get him."

Dr. Murdon lowered the instrument and whistled softly. "Success! After all these years. I've done it!" He pressed a button. In a moment two white-uniformed attendants entered the study.

"Take a 'jacket' and bring Holmes White back," he told them. "He's—escaped. He's out at his uncle's house."

"We'll get him, Doctor," one of them said. And they left. In two hours they were back with Holmes White, in a straight jacket. They tossed the raving man into a padded cell and locked the door.

Later, Dr. Murdon entered the dark cell, jabbed a hypodermic needle into White's thigh, and a moment later released him from the jacket.

"Quiet, Holmes," warned the doctor. "Come on."

White followed him calmly enough to the lab. There, Murdon sat him in a chair, strapped his arms, and mixed up a purplish liquid which he forced down the man's throat. Almost instantly a strange transition overcame the man: White visibly *shrank*. His brows bulged over his popping eyes, which became inflamed. A bestial expression overspread his face and a hideous growl erupted from

his frothy lips.

Murdon rubbed his long hands in satisfaction. "Ah, my beauty, my wolfish instrument of revenge!" he prated. "Go forth and tear the throats of the unbelieving village fools!"

Murdon unfastened the arm bands and stood back. The *thing* came to its feet, half crouched, dropping its hairy hands to the floor like an ape. With another growl, it headed for the door, which Murdon had opened. Soundlessly it vanished into the night. Dr. Murdon pressed another concealed button that opened the main gates of the estate. . . .

That night, Death crept through the lanes of Heath Cove. Death in the form of a horrible, snarling beast that sprang upon luckless villagers who happened to be afield. Three died that night, their throats torn out.

The next day, Holmes White was in his cell, a sleepy-eyed, muttering lunatic, looking very harmless.

The two policemen of Heath Cove were dumbfounded at finding the trio of mutilated corpses sprawled in the early morning fog. So was the sheriff of the county. That these people had been killed by a wild beast there was no question in the minds of all. But what animal?

The next night two more victims fell to the fiendish beast. The whole countryside was in a panic. A wolfish creature was abroad on the midnight moors! A deadly, marauding beast that slit its victims' throats and drank the blood. Nobody was safe.

After the fourth night of depredations—when seven persons had died horribly—the mayor called Scotland Yard in London.

The two Yard operatives ar-

POLICE COMICS

rived and spent the following two days lurking around Heath Cove—while five more persons died almost under their noses.

Dick Mace, young American detective, came to Heath Cove the third day after the Scotland Yard men had arrived. He quickly learned just what had happened. There was not a single clue so far as to what animal was killing the villagers. But Dick found his first clue—an extremely valuable one, as it turned out—in a rather odd manner.

It was past midnight. The town was asleep. The two Yard dicks were prowling somewhere. Dick stood in the shadows of a low-limbed beech tree, peering into the sable darkness. He had heard a slight sound, like a dog panting. The road nearby was a lighter strip through the murk, it being composed of the yellowish clay common to the neighborhood.

Suddenly Dick tensed. A darker shadow was leaping across the road. With his infra-red glasses Dick made out the beast—a gigantic wolf! He fell in behind, one hand grasping his pistol. Crossing the road, he drew a small flashlight from his pocket and examined the tracks in the mud.

It brought an inaudible gasp to his lips. In heaven's name, what was this? Those prints

were etched in his brain like fire.

He hurried on after the beast, which had vanished in the farther shadows. A hundred yards ahead he saw, with his infra-red glasses, one of the Scotland Yard men standing near a paling fence. As he watched, Dick saw a bolt of dark leap out of the night and land full upon the man's back. The detective gave one terrible scream. The beast snarled. Then all was quiet as the animal disappeared. Dick fired at the departing shadow. It let out a howl of agony. There was no use trying to follow it, Dick knew. He turned to the downed man. He was dead, his neck snapped by powerful jaws.

By this time a small group had gathered around the body.

"Where is Dr. Murdon's sanatorium?" Dick asked. He was told. "Then come on," he said. "We're going to round up your murderer!"

The gates of Blackmoor House were still open and the crowd filed in, carrying clubs and guns. A single light burned in Dr. Murdon's study. Dick pushed the door open. The doctor leaped up, but paused as he stared into Dick's automatic.

"Where is your wolfish patient?" Dick demanded.

"Are you crazy?" Dr. Murdon's eyes blazed.

"We want the person who just came in here," Dick went on. "We know all about him. So do you. I picked up something of your history, Doctor, before I left London. You hold a grudge against the fold hereabouts for an imagined wrong did your family years ago. You chose an odd vengeance. Now produce the man you've changed into a modern werewolf."

A groan out in the hall made everybody turn. Then they saw a disheveled man staggering toward them. Blood stained his chest.

"Holmes!" yelled the doctor. "Back to your cell!"

But Holmes fell with a groan and lay still on the floor.

"Keep the doctor covered," Dick told the Yard detective. "I'll check on this chap."

The fallen man had been shot through the back, but would live.

"Drugged," said Dick. "The good doctor can tell us all about it—after we've taken him to jail."

"Sort of a Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde case, eh, Mace?" said the Scotland Yard man.

Dick nodded. "Yeah. I knew it was something like this when I saw his footprints back there on the road. He looked like a wolf, but his tracks were a man's."

BE THE PAPER WEIGHT CHAMPION!
COLLECT YOUR WEIGHT IN SCRAP PAPER
YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS PAPER AS MUCH AS
IT NEEDS PLANES AND GUNS!

YOUR WASTE PAPER WILL HELP
MAKE FOOD AND MEDICAL CONTAINERS,
AS WELL AS WEAPONS OF WAR, FOR OUR
FIGHTING MEN!

PAPER FIGHTS! JOIN THE SCRAP!

The Human BOMB

THAT'S ME, FOLKS!
IN MY BUSINESS
SUIT!

ROY
LINCOLN

MY PAL, THE
HUMAN BOMB,
DEAD! ... HEY!!

Often a Bomb--
Never a
Dud!!

Roy Lincoln, the good-humored, handsome chemical genius, is known for his scientific discoveries --- BUT NOBODY BUT HUSTACE, HIS SIDE-KICK, KNOWS OF HIS GREATEST TRIUMPH!

BY INJECTION OF A STRANGE SECRET SERUM, ROY LINCOLN HAS TAKEN ON THE POWER OF THE HUMAN BOMB, WHOSE KNUCKLES CAN BLAST MORE TERRIBLY THAN DYNAMITE!

BAM!

NOTE HUSTACE
THROCKMORTON,
MAKING OFF LIKE
THE CHIEF
MOURNER!

IN THE HEART OF THE OIL COUNTRY, WHERE MIG MULGREW'S WELLS ARE PUMPING FULL CAPACITY...

I SAT IN ON THAT GOVERNMENT CONFERENCE, MIG! THEY SAY THAT THE WAR EFFORT NEEDS MORE OIL!

MY HEART BLEEDS FOR OUR POOR GOVERNMENT! HA-HA!

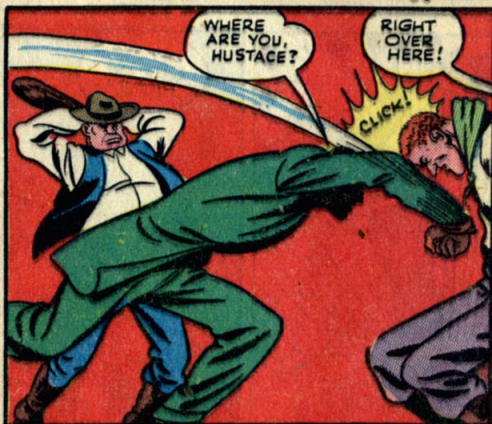
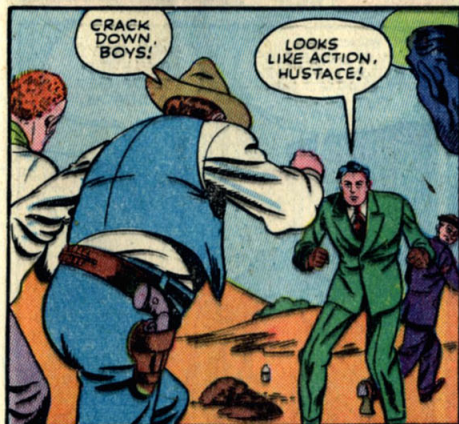
WE'RE READY TO MOVE, DUMBY! SET FIRES TO ALL THE WELLS.

BUT YOU'VE DUG SECRET LINES TO THE WELLS HELD BY OTHER COMPANIES IN THIS SECTION! MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF OIL WILL BURN!

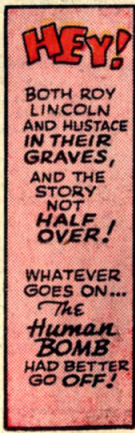
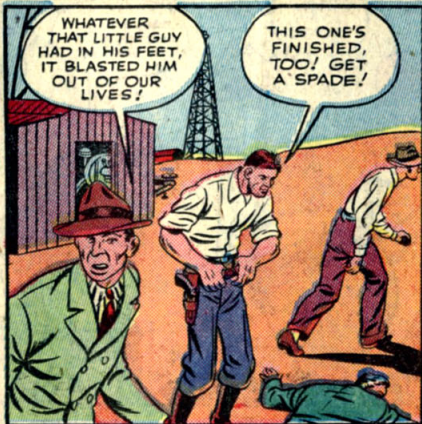
AND I'LL MAKE BILLIONS! THE GOVERNMENT WILL HAVE TO FINANCE MY DRILLING IN THE NEW SOUTH SECTION -- AND PAY ME TRIPLE PRICES!

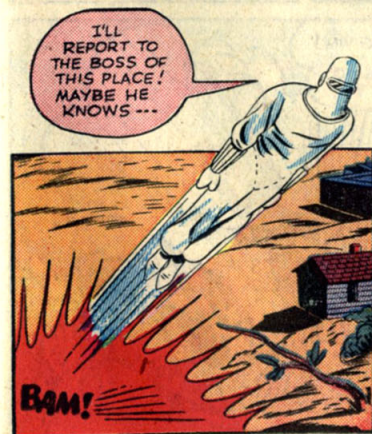


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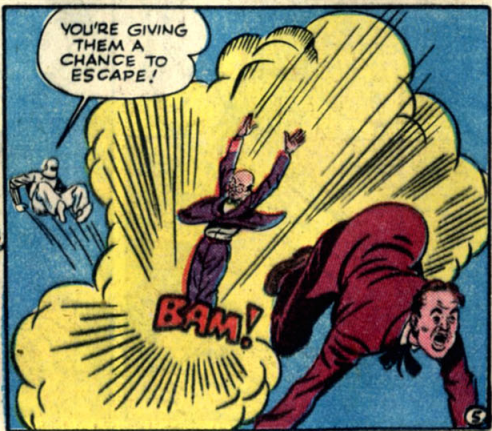
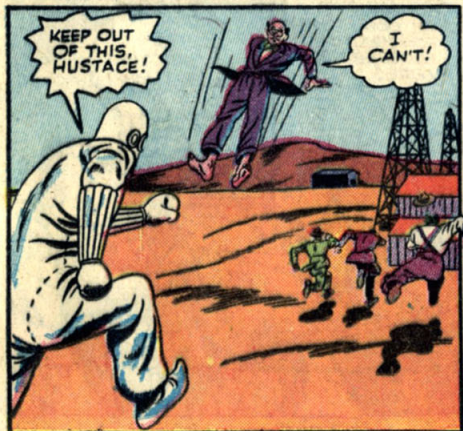
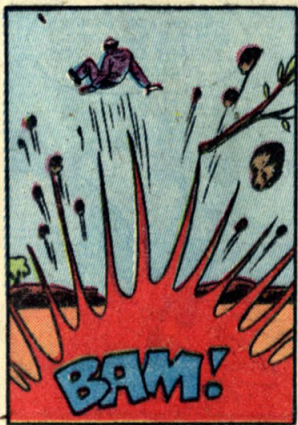
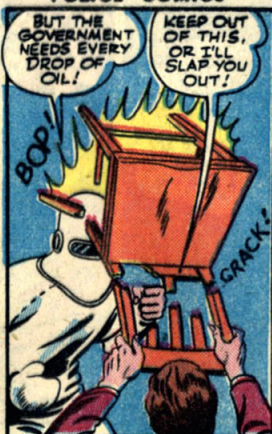


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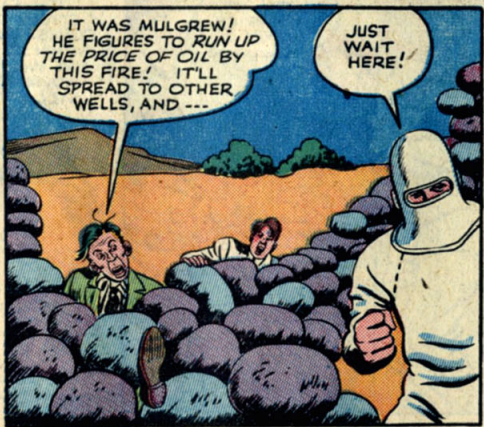


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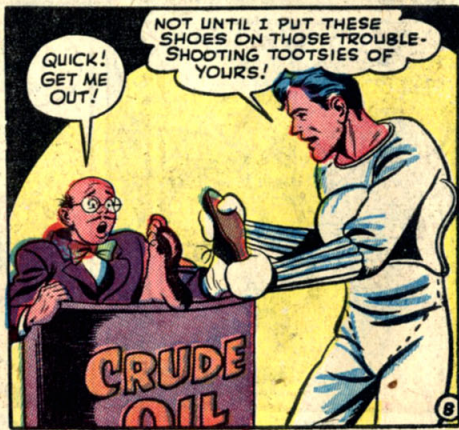
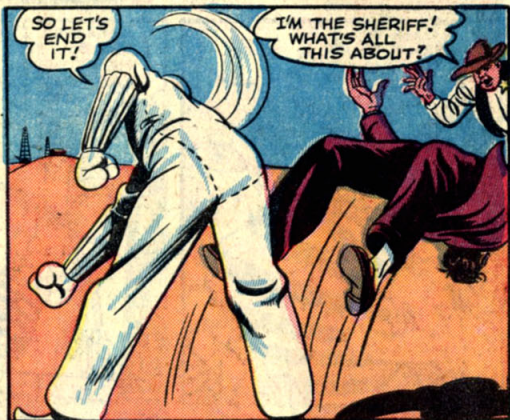
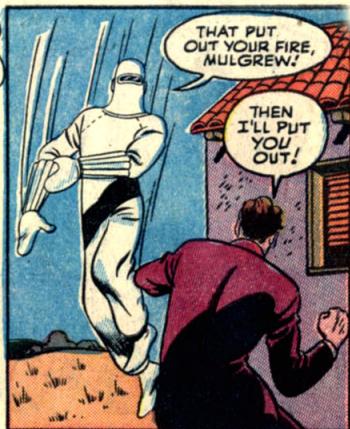




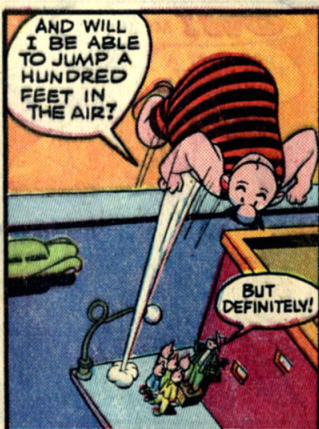
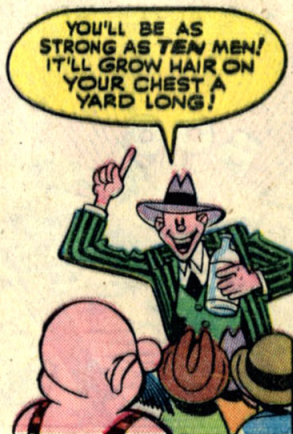
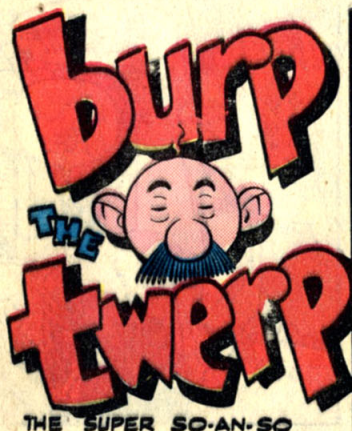
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POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



MANHUNTER

MEN CALLED THE MONSTROUS DIAMOND THE **EYE OF KRISHNU** AND LEGEND SAID THAT ANYONE WHO MOLESTED THE STONE WOULD GO MAD!...

EARLY EVENING IN THE SUBURBAN HOME OF **JUNIUS VAN VLEET**, MASTER DIAMOND CUTTER....

NOBODY PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO THE **EYE OF KRISHNU** LEGEND UNTIL VAN VLEET, THE DIAMOND CUTTER, FLED SHRIEKING FROM A MONSTER WHICH COULDN'T EXIST!

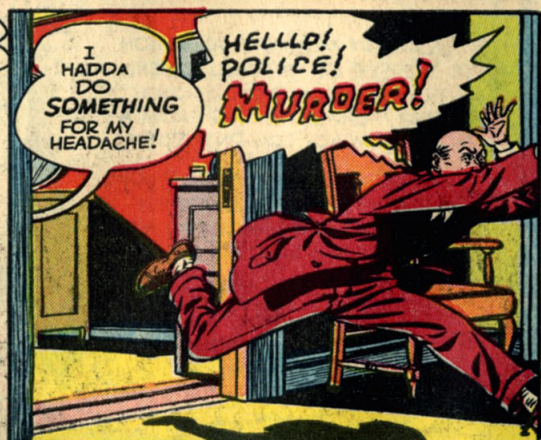
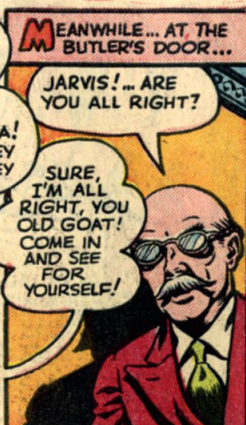
BUT IT WAS THE BUTLER, WHOSE SEVERED HEAD CRACKED GRISLY JOKES, WHO BROUGHT **MANHUNTER** INTO THE EERIE MYSTERY OF

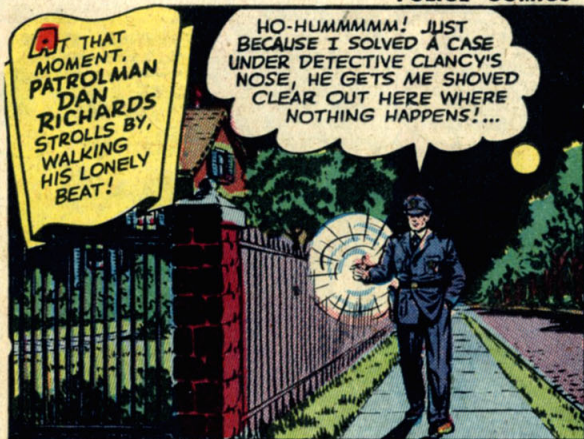
"The Giggling Corpse"!

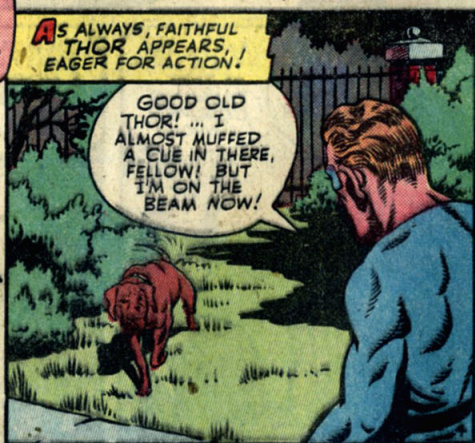
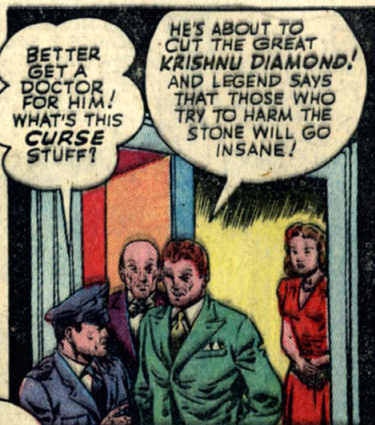
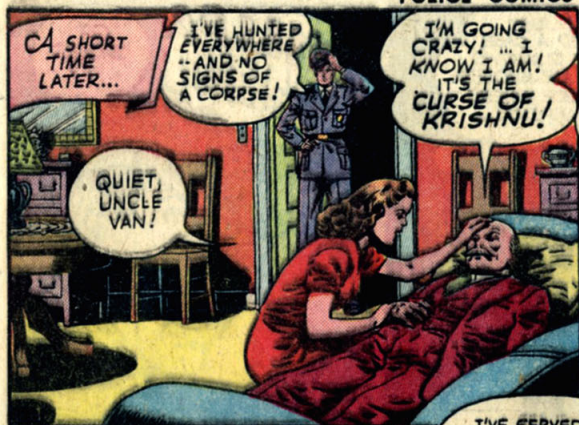
MY BEDTIME, CHILDREN! IF I AM TO CLEAVE THE GREAT **KRISHNU DIAMOND**, NEXT WEEK, I NEED PLENTY OF SLEEP!

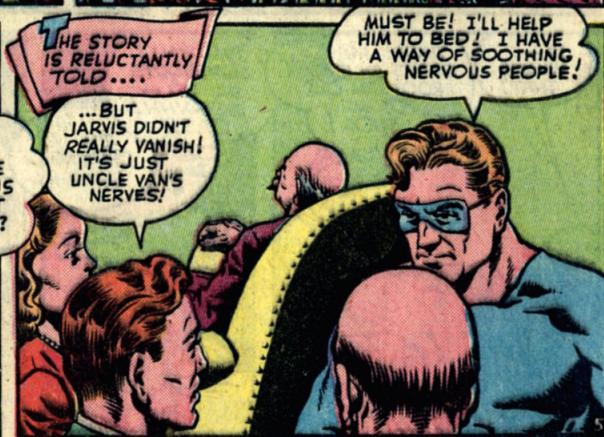
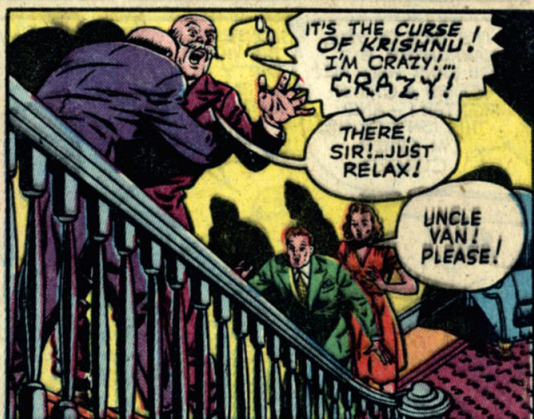
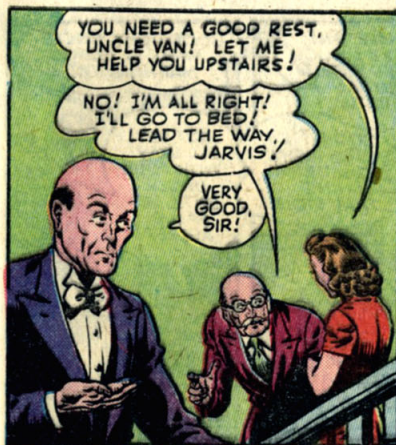
RIGHT, UNCLE VAN! I'LL RING FOR JARVIS TO BRING YOUR WARM MILK!





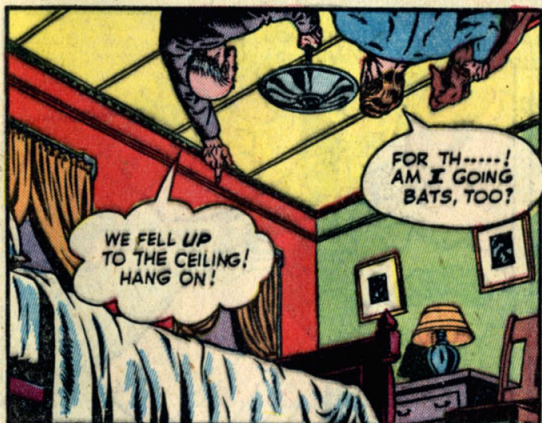
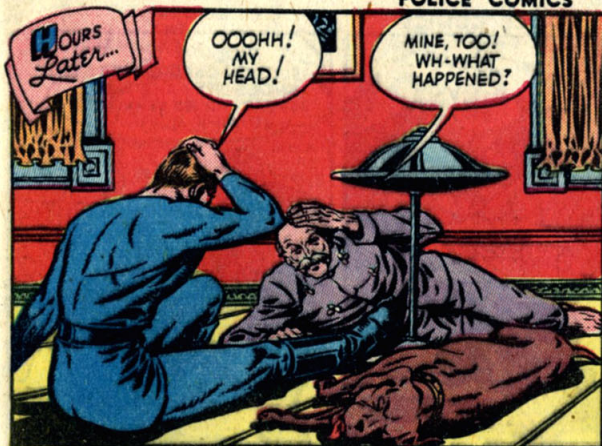




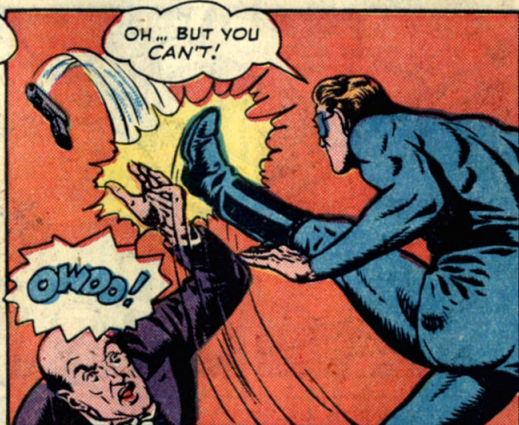


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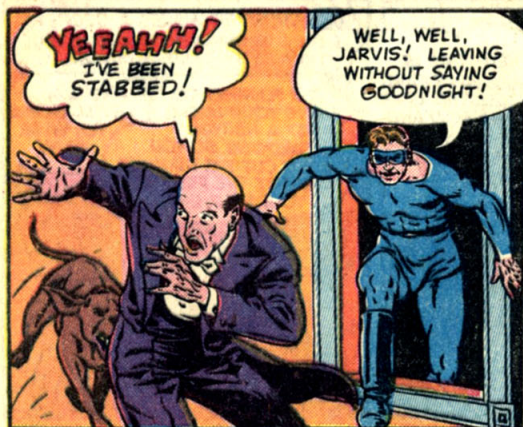




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OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE



READ ALL ABOUT THE
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, undependable storm glass. The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of Imitations.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN— YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly—prices may rise.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. C.G.
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once 1 "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name _____ (Please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

FREE
for Prompt
Action

GOOD LUCK LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered!
Tradition is—a person owning one of these
plants will have much good luck and success.

7½" high—5" wide
8" deep
Made of Genuine Walnut



AS YOU RECEIVE IT



AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

Yours free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant in every month. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When placed in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rated very high in plant evolution.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. I. S., Amherst, Ohio.
"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful." Mrs. F. F., Booth Bay, Maine

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself." Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful." Mrs. D. B., Shenandoah, Iowa

Boy! Oh! Boy!

What **MUSCLE**... What a **BUILD**... What **SPEED**!

I'll tell you—You're Way Up Front With

STRENGTH LIKE THIS!

Let me show you what I can do for you!

I know what you want! Strength! Endurance! Speed! A body to be proud of! You want tough, hard muscle on your shoulders, arms, back, and legs. Maybe you want to get rid of some of that fat. Maybe you're sick and tired of being kidded by the other fellows. Yes! I know what you want! Give me a chance to give it to you, and if in a short time you don't agree that I've done my job, I don't want any of your money!

POWER PLUS Means Vitality, Energy, Strength!

All my life I've been making big muscles out of little ones. I've trained thousands of average boys and young men. I've trimmed down heavyweights. I've built up scrawny little fellows. I've done it in person; I've done it thousands of miles away! I've developed an amazing method called Power-Plus, the most original system for physical development ever

devised. There's nothing exactly like it anywhere—at any price. I work on your shoulders, your arms, legs, back, and chest. You must see definite results—or you don't pay! At the end of a short training period you must **FEEL** and **LOOK** like a different person, or I'll refund every cent you paid!

How'd YOU like to be able to defend yourself against all comers—to protect others if necessary—ready for anything?



How'd YOU like to be able to beat the crowd in athletic contests—prove your skill, strength, and speed?

How'd YOU like to win in the hundred yard dash—or run a mile without becoming winded?



How'd YOU like to be physically fit for an officer's rating in Army, Navy or Coast Guard? You may be in the Army some day and you'd certainly want to win your stars or bars.

Read These Two Letters

from Jack Dempsey—
I consider your "POWER PLUS" course tops for all-around physical development—power, strength—endurance. The secrets and short cuts you reveal with your system of body development are miraculous and I cannot endorse your course too highly.

from Bernarr Macfadden—
As an instructor in muscle building, you should stand at the head of the list. Many of your pupils already attest to your ability in building better bodies. I can recommend you most highly. Here's wishing you all possible success!

Beat the Other Fellow to the PUNCH!

I want every boy in America to have this opportunity! Yes, and every young man! If you're getting on toward Army age, I want to get you ready for officer material—for a bigger, huskier physique.

I want to make a winner of you! I don't care how old you are, where you live, or what you do, my proposition goes for YOU. Get started before the rest of the crowd does!

This Is the Most Remarkable Offer I've Made!

I'll give you my latest streamlined Power-Plus Course that is BETTER than my Hollywood Course that thousands of others gladly paid me \$25.00 for. I'll give you every fundamental Power-Plus principle—VIBRO-PRESSURE, TONIC RELAXATION, PSYCHO-POWER, RHYTHMIC PROGRESSION. I'll give you the original, specially paired Photo-Instruction Charts—thirty-nine of them, each almost a foot wide and a foot and a half long. I'll give you the original BINDER-EASEL to hold the Charts with complete instructions on every detail of your routine. I'll give you the complete original TRAINING TABLE TALKS with full advice on the muscular system, food, bathing, and other subjects. I'll send you all the essence of what I have learned in physical culture for the last 20 years! All I ask you to pay for ALL OF IT—entire and complete—is only \$1.95. Think of it! That's not a down payment, not the cost of a single lesson, but \$1.95 FULL PRICE—for EVERYTHING!

And Here's My MONEY BACK OFFER!

Use all the materials I send you. If you don't agree they are the biggest money worth you have ever had, or if they don't do a tremendous job for you, mail them back any time in FIVE WEEKS, and I'll make a complete refund. Just fill out the coupon and mail to me. When your package arrives, simply pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Or, if you prefer, enclose \$1.95 IN FULL, and I'll pay the postage myself. **JOE BONOMO, 80 WILLOUGHBY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

Better Than My \$25.00 COURSE
Only \$1.95
FULL PRICE

Show this to Your Mother or Dad!
TO PARENTS: Encourage your son to care for and improve his body. Give him every chance for health, strength and self-reliance. Unquestionably, you know of me and my work. You know you can safely put your son's physical future in my hands. The above letters from Jack Dempsey and Bernarr Macfadden speak for themselves.

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3 Inspiration Photo-Prints of 5 famous Muscular Champs. Size 8 x 10, suitable for framing for your room, den, or gym. Quick action gets them. Send coupon today and you get them FREE!

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SEND NO MONEY
Just Mail This Coupon

A new streamlined Power-Plus Course that's BETTER than your \$25.00 Hollywood Course? Send it along. I will pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. I agree to follow your instructions exactly, and if I am not completely satisfied with results I understand I can return your materials and receive full \$1.95 refund AT ANY TIME WITHIN FIVE WEEKS.

Name.....
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Age.....Height.....Weight.....
Save postage by enclosing \$1.95 in full. **EN**
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